

S O N G S, &c.

I N

The CASTLE of ANDALUSIA.

Price SIX-PENCE.

ALBUQUERQUE 1000000

1609/5880.(4.)

SONGS, DUETTS, &c.
IN THE
COMIC OPERA
OF THE
Castle of Andalusia.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL
:
COVENT-GARDEN.

TWELFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.
M.DCC.LXXXV.

LONGEST DUTY

THE

COMING OF

OF THE

Castle of Andalusia

PRESENTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

GOVERNMENT-GARDEN

THEATRE ROYAL

LONDON

Printed by T. Cadogan, in the Strand.
MDCCLXXIV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Scipio,	-	-	-	Mr. WILSON.
Don Juan,	-	-	-	Mr. FEARON.
Don Ferdinando,	-	-	-	Mr. MATTOCKS.
Don Alphonso	-	-	-	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Ramirez	}	-	-	Mr. REINHOLD.
Spado		-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Sanguino		-	-	Mr. BANNISTER.
Rapino		-	-	Mr. DAVIES.
Calvette		-	-	Mr. THOMPSON.
Pedrillo	-	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Philippo	-	-	-	Mr. BRETT.
Vasquez	-	-	-	Mr. STEVENS.
Lopez	-	-	-	Mr. LEDGER.
Dame Isabel	-	-	-	Miss PLATT.
Victoria	-	-	-	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Lorenza	-	-	-	Signora SESTINI.
Catalina	-	-	-	Mrs. WILSON.

Banditti, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *Spain.*

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY
WASHINGTON, D. C.
1900

WATER RESOURCES DIVISION
BUREAU OF RECLAMATION
SALT WATER INTRUSION
IN THE COASTAL PLAINS OF THE UNITED STATES

BY
J. H. JOHNSON
AND
J. H. JOHNSON

WASHINGTON, D. C.
1900

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1900

THE
CASTLE of ANDALUSIA.

A C T I.
AIR and CHORUS.

Ramirez and Banditti.

CHORUS.

HERE we sons of freedom dwell,
In our friendly rock-hewn cell,
Pleasure's dictates we obey,
Nature points us out the way:
Ever great, and ever free,
Valour guards our liberty.

A I R.

Of severe and partial laws,
Venal judges, Alguazils,
Dreary dungeon's iron jaws,
Oar or gibbet, whips or wheels;

How

How can we think,
While we drink H-T
Sweet Muscadine?
O, life divine!

CHORUS.

Here we sons of freedom, &c.

AIR and CHORUS.

AIR—*Ramirez.*

FLOW thou regal purple stream,
Tinted by the solar beam,
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Chear my heart, and glad my eyes;
My brain, ascend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay,
When I'm dead, and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say—
A month he reign'd, but that was May.

AIR

A I R—*Alphonso.*

THE hardy sailor braves the ocean;
 Fearless of the roaring wind,
 Yet his heart, with soft emotion,
 Throbs to leave his love behind.

To dread of foreign foes a stranger,
 Tho' the youth can dauntless roam,
 Alarming fears paint every danger,
 In a rival left at home.

A I R—*Alphonso.*

COME ye hours with bliss replete,
 Bear me to Victoria's feet,
 Cheerless winter must I prove
 Absent from the maid I love;
 But the joys our meetings bring
 Shew the glad return of spring.

A I R—*Sanguina.*

ON by the spur of valour goaded,
 With pistols prim'd, and carbines loaded,
 Courage strikes on hearts of steel;
 While each spark,
 Thro' the dark
 Gloom of night
 Lends a clear and chearful light,
 Who a fear or doubt can feel!

Like serpents now thro' thickets creeping,
 Then on our prey like lions leaping;
 Calvette to the onset lead us,
 Let the wand'ring trav'ler dread us,
 Struck with terror and amaze,
 While our swords with lightning blaze,
 Thunder to our carbines roaring,
 Bursting clouds in torrents pouring,
 Wash the sanguine dagger's blade,
 Ours a free and roving trade;
 To the onset let's away,
 Valour calls, and we obey.

A I R—Pedrillo:

A master I have, and I am his man,
Gallop'ing dreary dun,
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With a haily
Gaily,
Gambo raily,
Giggling,
Niggling,
Gallop'ing, galloway, draggie-tail, dreary dun.

II.

I saddled his steed so fine and so gay,
Gallop'ing dreary dun,
I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
With our haily, &c.

III.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Gallop'ing dreary dun;
The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
With her haily, &c.

IV.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
Gallop'ing dreary dun;
By the Lord, says the friar, you're both gone
astray.
With your haily, &c.

V.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Gallop'ing dreary dun;
We wander alone like the babes in the wood.
With our haily, &c.

VI.

My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
Gallop'ing dreary dun;
But now I think better, I'd better go sleep.
With my haily,
Gaily,
Gambo raily,
Niggling,
Giggling,
Gallop'ing, galloway, draggie-tail, dreary dun.

A I R --- Cantata.

A I R --- Victoria.

AH, solitude, take my distress,
 For my griefs I'll unbosom to thee;
 Each sigh thou canst gently repress,
 And thy silence is musick to me.

Yet peace from my sonnet may spring,
 For sweet peace let me fly the gay throng;
 To soften my sorrows I sing,
 Yet sorrow's the theme of my song.

A I R

A I R---*Catalina.*

L I K E my dear swain, no youth you'd see,
 So blythe, so gay, so full of glee,
 In all our village---who but he

To foot it up so featly ?

His lute to hear,

From far and near,

Each female came,

Both girl and dame,

And all his boon,

For every tune,

To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

While round him in the jocund ring,

We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing;

Of May the youth was chosen king,

He caught our ears so neatly,

Such musick rare

In his guittar,

But touch his lute,

The crowd was mute;

His only boon,

For every tune,

To kiss 'em round so sweetly !

QUINTETTO.

Don Sigis. Lorenzo. Don Sigis. Lorenzo. Don Sigis. Lorenzo.

LOVE! gay illusion,
 Pleasing delusion,
 With sweet intrusion
 Possesses the mind;
 Heart with heart meeting,
 Passion is fleeting,
 Vows in repeating
 We trust to the wind.
 Faith, to faith plighted,
 Love may be blighted,
 Hearts often slighted
 Will cease to be kind.

QUIN-

QUINTETTO,

*Don Scipio, Fernando, Padriño, Isabel, and
Lorenza.*

Scip. Signor!

D. Isa. Signor!

Scip. } Your wit must be keener

D. Isa. } Our prudence to elude.

Scip. Your fine plot,

Though I pat,

Will do you little good.

Ped. My fine plot!

I'm a lot,

If I know what

These gentle folks are at.

Fer. Past the perils of the night,

Tempests, darkness, rude alarms,

Phœbus rises clear and bright,

In the lustre of your charms.

Loren. Oh charming, I declare,

So polite a cavalier!

He understands the duty

And homage due to beauty.

Scip. Bravo! O bravissimo!

Lor. Caro! O Carissimo!

How sweet his honey words!

How noble is his mien!

Scip. Fine feathers make fine birds.

D. Isa. The footman's to be seen.

Scip. But both deserve a basting!

Ped. Since morning I've been fasting.

Scip. Yet I could laugh for anger.

Ped. Oh I could cry for hunger.

Scip. I could laugh,

Ped. I could cry.

Scip. I could quaff,

Ped. So could I.

Scip. Ha! ha! ha! I'm in a fit.

Ped. O I could pick a little bit.

Scip. Ha! ha! ha! }

Ped. Oh! oh! oh! } together.

Loren. A very pleasant party!

Fern. A whimsical reception!

Scip. A whimsical deception!

Scip. } But master and man accept a wel-

D. Isa. } come hearty.

Fern. } Accept our thanks sincere for such

Ped. } a welcome hearty.

END of the FIRST ACT.

C

ACT

A C T II.

A I R—*Spado.*

IN the forest here hard by,
A bold robber late was I,
Sword and blunderbuss in hand,
When I bid a traveller stand;
Zounds, deliver up your cash,
Or straight I'll pop and flash,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.
Damme, sir,
If you stir,
Slurce your veins,
Blow your brains,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.

II.

Soon I'll quit the roving trade,
When a gentleman I'm made;
Then so spruce and debonnaire,
Gad I'll court a lady fair;

How

(19)

How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
How I'll kiss her, and all that,
All amongst the leaves so green-o!
How d'ye do?
How are you?
Why so coy?
Let us toy,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.

III.

But ere old, and grey my pate,
I'll scrape up a snug estate;
With my nimbleness of thumbs,
I'll soon butter all my crumbs.
When I'm justice of the peace,
Then I'll master many a lease,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.
Wig profound,
Belly round,
Sit at ease,
Snatch the fees,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green-o.

A I R—*Catalina.*

I HAVE a lover of my own,
 So kind and true is he;
 As true, I love but him alone,
 And he loves none but me.

I boast not of his velvet down,
 Or cheeks of rosy hue,
 His spicy breath, his ringlets brown,
 I prize the heart that's true.

So to all else I must say nay;
 They only fret and tease:
 Dear youth, 'tis you alone that may
 Come court me when you please.

II.

I play'd my love a thousand tricks,
 In seeming coy and shy;—
 'Twas only, ere my heart I'd fix,
 I thought his love to try.

So to all ease I must say nay;
 They only fret and tease:
 Dear youth, 'tis you alone that may
 Come court me when you please.

A I R

A I R—*Victoria.*

BY woes thus furrounded, how vain the gay
smile

Of the little blind archer, those woes to beguile!

Tho' skilful, he misses, his aim it is crost,

His quiver exhausted, his arrows are lost.

Your love, tho' sincere, on the object you lose,

[*Afide*] How sweet is the passion! Ah must I
refuse?

If filial affection, that passion should sway,

Then love's gentle dictates I cannot obey.

D U E T T.—*Fernando and Victoria.*

ITALIAN Queen, to thee we pray,

Record each tender vow;

As night gives place to chearful day,

Let hopes of future blifs allay

The pangs we suffer now.

AIR—Lorenza.

IF I my heart surrender,
 Be ever fond and tender,
 And sweet connubial joy shall crown
 Each soft rosy hour;
 In pure delight our hearts shall own
 Love's triumphant power.

See brilliant belles admiring;
 See splendid beaux desiring;
 And for a smile expiring,
 Where'er Lorenza moves.

To balls and routs resorting,
 Oh bliss supreme! transporting!
 Yet ogling, flirting, courting,
 'Tis you alone she loves.

If I my heart, &c.

AIR

AIR—Philippo.

SEVERE the pangs of slighted love,
Each hill and dale my plaint shall ring,
And, as the woodland wilds I rove,
Sweet Philomel shall hear me sing.
Flower of the forest is my dear,
Sweet as the violet of the vale;
Her vows of love are sweet to hear,
Yet transient as the passing gale.

DUETT.

DUETT—*Alphonso and Philippo.*

Alph. So faithful to my fair I'll prove,

Phil. So kind and constant to my love,

Alph. I'd never range,

Phil. I'd never change,

Both. Nor time, nor chance, my faith should
move.

Phil. No ruby clusters grace the vine,

Alph. Ye sparkling stars forget to shine,

Phil. Sweet flowers to spring,

Alph. Gay birds to sing,

Both. Those hearts then part that love shall
join.

END OF ACT SECOND.

DUETT.

ACT

(25)

A C T III.

AIR---*Scipio.*

HEY for a lass and a bottle to cheer,

And a thumping bantling ev-ry year;

With skin as white as snow,

And hair as brown as a berry :

With eyes as black as a flow,

And lips as red as a cherry.

Sing rory, tory,

Dancing, prancing,

Laugh and lay down is the play.

We'll fondle together,

To keep out the weather,

And kiss the cold winter away.

II.

Laugh while you live,

For as life is a jest,

Who laughs the most,

Is sure to live best.

D

When

When I was not so old,
 I frolick'd among the misses;
 And when they thought me too bold,
 I stopp'd their mouths with kisses.
 Sing rory, tory, &c.

A I R----*Pedrillo.*

A SOLDIER I am for a lady,
 What beau was arm'd compleater?
 When face to face,
 Her chamber the place,
 I'm able and willing to meet her.
 Gad's curse my dear lassies I'm ready
 To give you all satisfaction;
 I am the man
 For the crack of your fan,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.
 Your bobbins may beat up a row-dow-dow,
 Your lap-dog may out with his bow-wow-wow,
 The challenge in love,
 I take up the glove,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

A I R

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A I R

A I R----*Philippo.*

MY fair one, like the blushing rose,
Can sweets to every sense disclose.
Those sweets I'd gather, but her scorn
Then wounds me like the sharpest thorn.

11.

With sighs, each grace and charm I see,
Thus doom'd to wither on the tree;
'Till age shall chide the thoughtless maid,
When all those blooming beauties fade,

A I A

D 2

A I R

A I R----*Victoria.*

THE musk-rose blooms in thorns and tears,
 Yet queen of all the garden reigns;
 While Phoebe in a cloud appears,
 Her virgin lustre she retains.

If foes, or cruel friends unkind,
 A thought consoles each deep distress,
 That conscious rectitude of mind,
 In fortune's frown has power to bless:

II.

For sweets, the tulip proud and gay,
 Unto the humble violet yields;
 And Philomel's sequester'd lay
 Transcends the chorus of the fields.
 If foes, &c.

A I R---Lorenzo.

Heart beating,

Repeating

Vows in palpitation,

Sweetly answers each fond fond hope.

- Prithce leave me,

You'll deceive me,

- After other beauties running;

Smiles so roguish, eyes so cunning,

Shews where points the inclination,

Heart beating,

Repeating

Vows in palpitation,

Sweetly answers each fond fond hope.

AIR

AIR---*Alphonso.*

LOVE! sweet poison, torment pleasing,
Pure delight in pain, you give;
Thrilling anguish, flattering, teasing,
Ne'er from grief or rapture ceasing,
Yet I'll love, or cease to live.
You'll deceive me,

*After other beauties running;
Smiles to roguish eyes so cunning,
Shows where points the inclination;*

GLEE---*Fernando, Alphonso and Victoria.*

AUSPICIOUS powers approving,
Rewards true love in me.
No greater bliss than loving,
When thus belov'd by thee.

No, no,
No, while thus belov'd by thee.

A I R—*Sanguino.*

AT the peaceful midnight hour,
 Ev'ry sense, and ev'ry power,
 Fetter'd lies in downy sleep,
 Then our careful watch we keep.
 While the wolf in nightly prowls,
 Bays the moon with hideous howls,
 Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance!
 Females shriek, but no assistance.
 Silence! or you meet your fate:
 Your keys, your jewels, cash, and plate;
 Locks, bolts, bars, soon fly asunder,
 Then to rifle, rob, and plunder.

 G L E E.—FINALE.

Social pow'rs, at pleasure's call,
 Welcome here to Hymen's hall;
 Bacchus----Ceres, bless the feast,
 Momus lend the sprightly jest:
 Songs of joy elate the soul,
 Hebe fill the flowing bowl.
 Ev'ry pure and chaste delight,
 Crown with love this happy night.

THE END.

ALL—Sung.

At the special meeting of hour,
Ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry power,
Lies in downy sleep,
And our careful watch we keep,
While the wolf in night prowls,
But the men with lions howls,
Care are part of a vain refusal,
Faints quick, but no surrender,
Shakes of your feet your life;
You have your jewels, cash, and plate,
But, dear, dear, too late,
When it is too late.

GLEE—Finale.

Look how, at pleasure's call,
We come here to I know's hall,
Dancing—Come, bid the land,
Remembered the land,
Sings of joy and love,
Fills the air with song,
I wish you and love's delight,
Crown with love this happy night.

THE END.